FAIR INES.

O saw ye not fair Ines?
She's gone into the West,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest;
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her check,
And pearls upon her breast.

O turn again, fair Inis,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivaled bright;
And blessed will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy check
I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gayly by thy side,
And whispered thee so near!
Were there no bonny dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before;
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore;
It would have been a beauteous dream—
If it had been no more!

Alas, alas, fair Ines,
She went away with song,
With music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng;
But some were sad and felt no mirth,
But only music's wrong,
In sounds that sang farewell, farewell,
To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before;
Alas for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that blessed one lover's heart
Has broken many more!

—Thomas Hood (1798-1845).

THE GARDEN LETTER-BOX.

By C. S. REID.

THE big, square, weather-worn house looked in its silence and isolation like the relic of a long dead past. Not the abandoned relic, however, for the hand of a pains-taking florist and gardener was in evidence in the little yard on which the house fronted.

In spite of the flowers, however, there was such an atmosphere of sacred quiet about the house that except for the presence of a tabby cat on the step, it would have seemed to be uninhabited. But any urchin along the street could have told you who lived there; it was "Miss Phoebe," while the question, "How long has she lived there?" would invariably have brought the answer, "She's always lived there."

Just across the road from Miss Phoebe's residence stood a plain, grim, old two-story building, whose front door-step abutted on the pavement. As of the other house across the way, any one in the neighborhood could have told you who the occupant was, and of him, too, would have said that he had always lived there.

Certainly every morning for more than twenty-five years Mr. Lorton had been seen to issue from his front door punctually at 7 o'clock, in order to ride to the station in the old 'bus which passed at that hour. And from her window Miss Phoebe had watched his departure each morning, and noted his return at evening, by the faint glow of a light through the chinks of the ever-closed blinds.

Thus had passed twenty-five years, when one morning there occurred an unprecedented break in the chain forged by long habit; the old 'bus passed down on its 7 o'clock trip, and Mr. Lorton failed to make his appearance. Naturally, Miss Phoebe was moved from her wonted placidity, as one planet in a system is disturbed by the least erratic movement of another in its orbit.

All through the long hours of the morning she watched the door of the house across the street for the appearance of its owner, but at last she was forced to conclude that some important engagement must have called him forth before the fixed hour of his rising.

Late in the afternoon she went about the garden attending the flowers with her usual care. There was a small square hole in the side of one of the gateposts, where a pair of the prettiest of the blue-coated songsters had nested every year, feeling secure from molestation under Miss Phoebe's kindly protection.

From time to time Miss Phoebe glanced at the closed house over the way. It was silent and still. It was not yet time for the return of Mr. Loring, if he had gone away that morning.

While Miss Phoebe was leaning against the little gate, her spirit drifting with the gentle current of happy memories, she was suddenly startled from her dreamland voyage by a strange noise in the post at her side.

Quickly she glanced around, just in time to see a rat leap from the little square hole in the post, dragging with it to the ground the debris of a blue-bird's nest of the season past. The agile rodent scampered away among the ground clinging vines, and Miss Phoebe stooped down to pick up the nest. It seemed the first time that the little square hole had ever been empty; and as she rose she stopped to peer into the long-inhabited shelter of the nesting birds, now cleared of its little specimen of bird architecture. As she glanced into the cavity, her eye caught sight of some white object far back in its depths. After trying in vain to make out what it was, she picked up a little stick, and thrusting it into the hole, encountered—what? It seemed only a piece of waste paper, yet at the sight of it Miss Phoebe straightened up and leaned forward with one elbow placed on top of the old fence post, while her breath came and went in little quick gasps.

With an effort she roused herself, and this time dragged the little paper from the hole. Perhaps the bluebirds had carried it in, and, finding it unavailable for their use, had pushed it to the rear out of their way. At any rate, it had evidently lain there for many years, as the curves of the water marks were brown with age. Half eagerly, half fearfully, she unfolded the little sheet, and, although the twilight was deepening, and Miss Phoebe's eyes were not as strong as they once were, she read on till the last faded letter was deciphered. Then, without a sound, she sank down and buried her face in her hands.

It was almost dark when Miss Phoebe finally dragged herself from the damp grass and entered the house. Once inside the stately old drawing-room, she drew the folded paper from her bosom, and again read it over, while tears coursed slowly down her cheeks.

She approached an old brown cabinet which stood in a corner of the room, and, taking therefrom a little rosewood casket, laid the scrap of paper within it.

Then she turned out the light and crept to the window, where she sat looking out across the way. Evidently she was still uneasy about her neighbor, for there was no light from his window, nor did one appear while Miss Phoebe watched, although it was late when she retired.

The following morning she again took her place by the window. But the 'bus passed and Mr. Lorton had not appeared.

During the day Miss Phoebe called Dinah to her room.

"Dinah," she said, "I believe something has happened to Mr. Lorton, or he is ill over there in that house all alone."

"I spec' you said it 'bout right, Miss Phoebe, 'cause I ain' seen 'im to-day, nor yistiddy, neither."

"Oh, Dinah, it would be awful if he should die there all alone," and Miss Phoebe turned away her head.

The afternoon wore away. At length the shadows began to grow long and the anxiety of Miss Phoebe's charitable heart overcame her patience.

"Dinah," she said, as she passed through the hall, "I am going to Mr. Lorton's. I feel that it is my duty, for I am sure he must be ill; and think, Dinah, if he should die there with no one"—surely the sweet voice trembled—"with no one to hear his last words."

Out in the yard she sought among the late flowers until she found a single white rose ready to scatter its petals. This she plucked; then, passing through the gateway, crossed the street.

The Lorton house was an old-fashioned one, with a street door at the end of an open entrance. Through this doorway Miss Phoebe entered and advanced along the passage, made dark and gloomy by the dense, untrimmed growth of shrubbery in the little side yard.

Approaching the door of what was probably Mr. Lorton's sleeping room, she tapped gently upon the panel.

After a moment a weak voice from within said, "Come in."

Miss Phoebe hesitated a moment, while she felt the blood rush to her temples; then she firmly turned the knob and entered.

At the sound of her step the figure turned, revealing the dazed, fever-brightened eyes of Mr. Lorton; then a hand wandered toward a table that stood at the head of the bed, and on which rested a pitcher of water, a goblet—and, yes, Miss Phoebe drew a long breath as she saw that the hand was reaching for a little box in which lay the long-seered petals of a once red rose.

With a swift impulse Miss Phoebe placed the white rose over the withered petals of the red one. Then, laying her cool hand on the hot fingers of the sick man, she said gently:

"You are ill. Why didn't you send for some one—for—for me?"

The eyes of the sick man met hers with a half-dazed expression. Then he turned to the wall.

"I know you," he muttered. "You seem real, but you're not—you with your white rose——"

"Listen," she said. "I'm going to send for a doctor now—at once—and then I will come back and take care of you."

Again the fevered eyes turned to hers, and again they sought the wall.

"No use," murmured the hoarse voice, "no use to live; no future—no one who cares—only red roses—red roses——"

But his visitor, her soft gray eyes misted with tears, was already hurrying across the road; and, although it was dark, Dinah was dispatched at once for a doctor, while Miss Phoebe, hastily gathering from her stores such remedies as she thought might relieve the sick man, hastened back to his bedside.

For more than a fortnight Mr. Loring lay in the grip of the fever, attended daily by the physician, and hourly by a gray-haired little woman, who always wore in the folds of her dark gown a single white rose.

Three weeks from the night that his neighbor made her first call he had improved so rapidly that Miss Phoebe ceased from her visits, though each day she sent Dinah with little delicacies and cordial inquiries. Finally, one golden autumn evening, Mr. Loring took his first walk down the road; an occasion long remembered by the neighbors, who remarked with delight the old kindly smile and his wonted pleasant though short bow of greeting.

Miss Phoebe had no thought of his return until she looked up and saw him pausing before the gate. As his eyes met hers she flushed ever so slightly, stammered some little phrase of pleasure for his recovery and then turned toward the house.

"Phoebe," said Mr. Lorton.

"Well, John?"

He put out his hand, in which she allowed her own to rest for a moment.

"Phoebe, it's twenty-five years since—since we used to stand and talk here together at sunset; but—is the little postoffice still open in the old gate-post?"

"It is open now; but, oh, John!" exclaimed Miss Phoebe, burying her face in her hands, "I did not get your last letter until the day before I found you ill."

"Phoebe! Phoebe!" cried Mr. Lorton, gently drawing her hands away from her face. The tears stood in her eyes, and John thought them a gentle shower that freshened the springtime beauty of her life.

"Have you got the letter now? Let me see it?"

He drew open the gate and went inside, while Miss Phoebe took the little scrap of paper from her bosom and gave it to him.

The letter was undated and read:

"My Dear Phoebe—You tell me you are going away in the morning to be gone a whole month, a length of time that to me will seem a whole year. I feel that I cannot let you go away without some token. I have tried to express, not only in words, but in a thousand other ways, my consuming love for you. Now, O Phoebe, blest angel of my dreams! send me a simple token before you go. Will you be my wife? May I hope? If I may, then send me a pure white rose; if I must no longer hope, then send me the blood-red rose, that I may see in it my own poor bleeding heart. Your ever devoted

"JOHN."

Mr. Lorton's hand which held the letter dropped to his knee.

"And, Phoebe, you sent me a red rose that evening."

"Oh, John, how could I know? It was by chance that I sent it as a token of remembrance. Then for some reason we went away that night instead of the next day, so that I never thought to look in the letter box. When I came back a month later the bluebirds had settled there, and it was only by accident that I ever received your letter, twenty-five years after it was written!"

Then, in a few broken phrases, she told of how the long concealed bit of paper had been discovered, and of how, on the afternoon she found him ill, she had covered the withered petals of the red rose on his table with a fresh white one.

But before she could finish Mr. Lorton was close at her side, his hand outstretched.

"Phoebe," he said hoarsely, "if—if it was for mere common charity you brought me that rose, then give me—give me now the answer I've missed all these years."

Without a word Miss Phoebe reached out a trembling hand to a nearby rose-bush. Plucking the flower slowly, carefully, she held it out—still without a word. Quite as silently the man closed his fingers about that symbollic blossom and about the hand that gave it. And straightway in the face of both there dawned the look of those for whom the world had suddenly turned back through twenty-five years, and for whom the bluebirds sang with all the ecstasy of long past springs.—New York News.

Advertising Not Advertising.

There is advertising and advertising. That is to say, there is so-called exploitation and exploitation that is genuine. Business firms get out pamphlets, booklets, circulars, etc., and these may or may not bring good returns.

Then there are church, charity, club and other programs, year books, etc., which are filled with advertisements in name, but not in fact. The houses which advertise in these do not expect any returns; they give their ads because they fear to lose custom if they withhold them. It is a process of sandbagging which individuals submit to from lack of courage to resist it.

But business men in the several communities of the country are getting very tired of the imposition. In some places they are combining to resist it, and declare they will advertise only in legitimate newspapers, whose business it is to advertise, which seek advertisements, which protect the advertiser and which see that the would-be buyer gets the advertisement.

Newspapers make a study of the art of advertising. It constitutes the major portion of their receipts. It is to their interest to study it; it is their interest to see that the advertisement does the advertiser good. Newspaper advertising is the one sure and certain way of getting results from advertising.

Tobacco Heart.

It is estimated that about twenty per cent. of the young men who recently applied to enter the Naval Academy have failed in the physical test, and the failure was largely due to the use of tobacco, resulting in the irregular beating of the heart. Nowadays physicians speak of the "tobacco heart," a trouble caused by the excessive use of the weed. When the smoker develops into a "cigarette fiend" the services of a physician are necessary, but before this point is reached the heart may be permanently injured. The trouble is often of gradual growth, and it is only when the young man is subjected to a physical examination that the extent of the disorder becomes known.

An observant Englishman, recently on a visit to the United States, said in no country in the world had he seen smoking carried to such excess as in America.—Baltimore Herald.

A Religious Enthusiast.

Brother Karl of the Benedictine Order, who was recently buried at Prague, was of noble blood and had a remarkable career. As Prince Edward Schoenberg, he was handsome, dashing, and of rare promise. But at thirty-five a change came over his spirit, and one day he rode straight to the abbey from the parade ground, and in full uniform, asked the prior for admission. The head of the order at first refused, but the prince broke his sword, threw away his epaulets and decorations and begged for a monk's habit. He afterward went to Rome, studied theology, and was ordained.

The Jap Sailor.

Bennet Burleigh, writing in the London Telegraph, says: "A day or two ago I saw a parade of a big battalion of Japanese bluejackets. A higher averaged, better set up, handier, more truculent looking body of sea bulldogs I have never seen."

BISMARCK.....OF JAPAN

Characteristics of the Marquis Ito as the Statesman Appeared to Sir Edwin Arnold---The Man of Silk and Steel---A Human Blend of the German Chancellor, Cavour, Pitt and Washington.

IT was lately permitted me to sketch in light and respectful outline his imperial majesty the Emperor of Japan as I saw him amid his troops upon the hills glad with purple and gold blossoms which fringe the southern shore of the island empire, says Sir Edwin Arnold, in the London Telegraph. Next to that august figure the personage who will necessarily rise to the mind when thinking upon that interesting country and its present profoundly important position is her great statesman, the Marquis Ito. I have ventured to call him in the title of this brief paper, the "Bismarck of Japan," but the similitude between the two characters is only partial, and hardly covers more than the single fact that history will probably speak of both as the renovators, and, in a sense, actual creators of their respective nationalities. If the German chancellor-prince was of "blood and iron," his Japanese anti-type would rather be described as one of "silk and steel." Justly to make up the human blend which would best present the chief stateman of Tokio to Western imaginations one would have to add qualities taken from the subtlety of Cavour, the patriotism of William Pitt, the tenacity of George Washington, and the diplomatic resources of such keen ecclesiastical ministers as France possessed in Richelieu and Mazarin. I am not pretending that Marquis Ito unites in his genius and temperament all that belonged to those epoch makers, but merely that in intercourse with him a student of character might be reminded of each and all of the above mentioned in their turn. After that would remain that aspect of perfect simplicity and naturalness which every true-bred Japanese keeps for his inner and domestic life. I have seen the famous politician who stands to-day across the path of Russia almost as grandly as Horatius upon the bridge, with not very more than the two companions of the Roman hero to share his uttermost dangers and innermost hopes—as plain a country gentleman, as contented a rustic squire, as could be found in the shires.

He did me the honor of inviting me to pass some time with him at Odawara, one of those lovely hamlets which dot the Pacific coast of the southern kingdom. The native houses which he occupied there had no affectation of wealth or luxury. It was only a typical rural abode, two-storied, with no large number of apartments, but some of these furnished in semi-European style, and the others frankly native, and such as any Tokio merchant or fairly prosperous seaside farmer of the Tokkaido might have tenanted. No show of state was visible, although then, too, my illustrious host was the most powerful man in Japan. The neat and demure little maids who opened to us the outer shoji were "nesans," such as would be waiting to take a visitor's foot coverings and to announce his arrival in any well-ordered Japanese house, but no guards or police or waiting men. At the inner entrance was the statesman himself, wearing English garments, and holding in his hand an English book. The glory of the dwelling was its surroundings, its happy settling in the midst of the loveliness of that landscape, where the perfect hills came down to the perfect seashore, and one seemed to exist in the centre of a perfect picture. At the point where the bright sea sparkled and foamed against the embankment of the garden there stood a little inclosure shut in with split bamboos, lightly lashed to posts with grass string. In the centre of this there paced three or four grave storks, in their smooth but sombre plumage of black and white, with dark purple and bottle green reflections—birds of unrestrained demeanor, dear to all Japanese artists and indispensable as symbols alike to the poets, historians and fan makers of Dai Nippon. These were high favorites, although I think they would have been glad to get out along the yellow sands, where the seashells and little blue crabs lay so invitingly, or among the square patches of the rice fields, whence innumerable frogs were beginning their evening chorus. He spoke about the storks as "totems" of Japan, but I pointed away from the Tsuru to a great, glittering, long-bodied dragon fly, balancing upon the leaf of a lily, his jointed body of black and blue, big, round eyes, formidable jaws, and filmy, powerful wings. That also, was an accepted sympol of the land, the "Tombo," resembling in shape the long, winding line of the Japanese archipelago, which numbers more than 2000 islands. I remarked that it reminded me better of Japan than did the solemn storks, for I said: "After the fashion of that splendid creature, your empire has cracked the skin of 'O, Jishin,' and emerged into 'Meiji.'" To this day all Japanese speak of the great uprising which put an end to the Shogunate as the "Earthquake," while they term the new era, which has now lasted thirty-six years, as "Meiji," "Beginning of Order." Yet none but the ignorant regard Japan as commencing civilized life six and thirty years ago. She was a cultured nation at a date when Britain was barbarous, and fought the Armada of the Mongul conqueror, Kubla Khan victoriously before Howard and Queen Elizabeth saved England from the Spaniard and the Inquisition.

At dinner time we left talking about rural matters, and I listened with deep interest to what fell from the lips of him who, among the foremost, had built so strong and well upon the foundations which the "Earthquake" had fiercely laid. Everybody knows about the early years of Ito's venturous life; how he foresaw the mighty future and prepared himself for it, studying the West down to its deepest principles, working his way to Europe as a common sailor, landing on our shores with half a dollar in his pocket, but with a heart in his breast, ardent, patriotic, full of an empire to be. And by our side was the amiable lady who in the time of her girlhood had seen this hero husband hiding for his life under the "tatami," while his enemies, searching everywhere and thirsting for his blood, dragged her by her long black hair from her cushions, and threatened to kill her also. Now she did the honors of the house, placid, demure, debonair, the kind eyes which had witnessed such deeds and days guarded by blue spectacles from the over-brilliant gold of the setting sun, while her illustrious lord, with only a gray hair or two in his black locks, went back to finish behind the nearest paper screen the rules of the new parliament, or busied himself in making lists of peers, as we catalogue pictures, or books, or sacks of rice.

I saw the great marquis on the first day of the new Parliament, when, while peers and commons, with foreheads upon the floor, knelt in two hemicycles before the Mikado, he stood proud, but reverent, beside his imperial majesty, handing to him the first speech from the throne. I shall never forget the bow of acknowledgment which the Mikado vouchsafed to the two houses of his Legislature, thus simultaneously prostrate before him. How would he discharge this recognition, descendant from the sun, heir of a dynasty which has 2000 years of record? He simply dropped his chin two inches and a half, so as just to touch the broad scarlet and white ribbon which crossed his breast, and in that imperial parsimony of salutation I saw the inborn traditions of his line. I saw and heard it all like a mouse at a chink in the wainscot, for the master of ceremonies had solemnly whispered to me: "You must not be seen. You are here by chance placed above the Emperor, which would be treason. You will see everyone sits below him except Ito. You must be honorably invisible." And so I was. That night again in Tokio I had the honor of listening to him upon whom so much still depended, and was glad to find that his first and last thought was to render Japan powerful enough to save herself, whatever might befall. I should not, of course, dream of repeating here any of the weighty things he uttered, since they were all heard in private conversation; yet I may be allowed to mention an instance of his alert habit of mind and swiftness of action. I had spoken of a group of islands eligible to possess, and, as I had gathered, not by any means out of reach of Japan's ownership if she wanted them. Without directly replying he took a swift note in Japanese, despatched a messenger to the telephone and returned quietly to the little pipe. I saw the message afterward; the sense of it was: "Send immediately full particulars, report of——" Well, No Man's Land. Not long afterward I had occasion to find that he knew more about the spot in question than anybody, and the white and red flag of Japan floats over it now.

The last time I met the great marquis was in Moscow, at the coronation of the reigning czar. The first snow which follows maturity had sprinkled his temples and neck like the summer drift which lies upon the head of Fuji, but the firm face seemed more resolute than ever; the dark brows were even more sternly knit, the strong mouth had grown almost harder than before with use of words masterly and commanding. He was not ambassador for Japan at that time, but only, if I rightly remember, a representative minister, who, so far as I could see, did not by any means waste his time while in the city of the green and golden domes. It appeared to me that I was viewing history through an inverted telescope, seeing him and Count Lobanoff standing together, far off, in the miniature of events, but coming, and certain to come into the large foreground.

The Russian statesman, who has not survived to carry out the anti-British plans he cherished, was tall, spare and punctilious; Marquis Ito is of average Japanese stature, which is lower than that of the West; and you could read difference of race in the Muscovite countenance, where the Slav blood mingled with the Teutonic, and that other countenance, which only the ignorant called Mongolian, and foolishly confuse with the yellow peoples. It will be well when continental statesmen learn that a score of natural facts discriminate the Japanese people from the Chinese and the Tartars. There is more of Malay blood, there is even more of Kanaka and of Polynesian blood, in that fearless, self-reliant visage of the famous marquis than of Gengis or Kubla Khan. At the last good-by he paid me a compliment, far beyond any merit of mine, and no doubt inspired only by his conviction that I was a grateful well-wisher to Japan and to her sovereign and people. "What is your last word of counsel?" he laughingly remarked. "Excellency," I answered, "it is this: Be strong! the future will have no pity except for the strong." The glitter of his eyes as he made response dwells in my recollection, as if I had seen a samurai of the old days touch the handle of his sword, there was in it so plain and resolute an answer! But I fervently hope that it will be by the path of peace that Japan is to accomplish the splendid mission confided to her by history and her national qualities.

This World of Ours.

When a Chinaman wants to have a tooth drawn, says the Lahore (India) Tribune, he feels no nervous apprehension of pain, for the excellent reason that he knows his dentist will not inflict any. The latter simply rubs a secret powder over the tooth. After about five minutes the patient sneezes and the tooth falls out. Many attempts by Europeans have been made to get some of this mysterious powder, but no one has yet succeeded.

Picturesque Lanterns.

The noted Japanese gardens, famous for their beauty, owe much of their charm to the quaint lanterns which are used in great profusion. The best of their garden lanterns are made of bronze after quaint native designs. Some of them are richly carved and are of great intrinsic value. Many of these lanterns are of great antiquity, and the best examples are seen at Nikkho, famous for its exquisite bronzes.

Woman's Realm

Outing Hats.

Felt hats for outing wear have appeared in the shops. Most of them are on the broad flat sailor order, bird-trimmed and mostly white.

Another style is mannish or foreign looking. These have round crowns like buns or overturned bowls. The brim is bound with leather, and the crown spanned by a leather belt.

One had a crown of seal brown and a rolled and twisted brim of tan encircled with folds of brown and orange velvet, finished with an orange pompon.

To Keep Young.

Simple diet, plain living, active outdoor work or walking and absence of worry give conditions that will develop the best physical and moral possibilities within one. We are all prone to exhaust nerve force over petty cares. We get excited if the rooms are not properly dusted; we put too much of ourselves into our household work; we do not want to learn to simplify; we do not always take the "forty winks" early in the afternoon. These are some of the causes of age, and we can avoid them just as we can learn to sometimes be idle and at all times be reposeful.—Housekeeper.

Women in Outdoor Art.

Mrs. Charles F. Millspaugh's address on "Women in Outdoor Art," at the St. Louis biennial, will be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to be present at the civics session, in charge of Mrs. Ralph Trautman. The importance of the work done by women in this department is meeting with a hearty, if somewhat belated, appreciation from associations of architects, landscape gardeners and artists. The Municipal Art Society of New York City has lately placed women on its most important committees. Mrs. Edward Hagaman Hall is Chairman of the Committee on Flowers, Vines and Area Planting; Miss Carmelita Beckwith is Chairman of the Committee on Membership, and Mrs. Gabrielle Townsend Stewart is Secretary of the society. Nearly every State federation has a Committee on Forestry, whose work includes civic improvement and outdoor art.

Good Times For Perfumers.

"The perfumery business was never better," said the perfume dealer the other day. "I sell more perfume than I ever did before and I think my heavy sales are due in a large part to the automobile craze.

"You know the odor emanating from those gasoline autos is not pleasant. Lovely woman does her best to overcome it by using lots of perfume. Just take notice the next time an auto whizzes by you and see if you don't get a good, strong whiff of perfume with the gasoline if there is a smartly attired woman in the machine.

"Women may be going in for athletics more than ever, but they are going in for perfumes, too, and the most expensive kind.

"It would surprise you, though, to know how many men have the perfumery habit as well. I think the new fancy silk handkerchiefs may have something to do with that."

For Children.

Guimpes are an important item in the small girl's wardrobe.

White dresses are especially desirable for children, for no other "tub" frock launders so satisfactorily.

Berthas of lace and of the material, with bands of lace insertions and edgings, are always becoming.

Ribbon sashes add a pretty touch to frocks for dressy occasions, and under those of very thin, fine lawn or mull, in white, there may be worn a colored silk or lawn slip, preferably of pink or blue.

For the small girl there is no more charming mode than the French dress, with a deep bertha or collar in scolloped lower outline and having an attached full skirt.

The strap or suspender dress is one of the season's most popular styles for small girls, giving the effect of the shirt waist and skirt.

Mohair, in plain or checked weave, is a smart and practical material for girls' dresses.

The Benefits of a Hobby.

How often does one hear the expression, "Oh, that is so and so's hobby," spoken rather disparagingly. It is the tendency of the average mind to regard a person who has a pronounced enthusiasm as a species of harmless lunatic, rather to be pitied. The truth of the matter is, however, that any one who has any especial fad is greatly to be envied, as it probably provides more interest and amusement for its possessor than anything else. Any decided interest in life, whether it is dignified by the name of an occupation, or is simply an enthusiasm, or even mentioned slightingly as a fad, is eminently desirable.

"I have never seen a genuine collector that is not happy when he is allowed by circumstances to gratify his tastes," remarked a student of human nature, "and a bent in that direction should always be encouraged. It is a curious phase of our humanity that we will work diligently to make provision for our material needs when we are old and quite neglect to store up mental resources that will interest and amuse us until we are called hence."—Indianapolis News.

How Woman Can Develop Herself.

In the Woman's Journal, Charlotte Perkins Gilman urges women to take more leisure for their own development. She suggests the formation of neighborhood clubs. With what definite purpose? Nothing more definite than the keeping alive of the individual soul.

It might grow into something definite as the weeks went on. Beginning with a comparison of the best thoughts that had struck them during a week's miscellaneous reading, they might form into little groups and take certain kinds of reading together, spreading indefinitely that way.

One might suggest, as a vital subject for most women to study, "Their own business;" to learn, for instance, whether it is really necessary for so many more to be sick; whether it is really necessary for each lonely woman to spend her lonely life in doing housework eighteen hours a day; whether husbands are best cared for and made happy by the present system of housekeeping; whether, in short, united womanhood cannot do better and more easily what separate womanhood finds so hard and does so ineffectually.

Giving Away Clothes.

There are two ways of giving away old things, a moral and immoral. Those who are guilty of the latter are the people who use the poor as a sort of garbage barrel, something in which to dump everything that is useless. They are the people who give to their washerwoman old ball frocks and soiled white satin slippers and things too ragged for any human being to make use of. They are the people—it seems incredible, but it is true—who carefully cut off all the buttons on any garment that is to be given away, and never think of mending anything. With such persons giving is not a virtue, but a convenience. They feel they can rid themselves of much rubbish and yet obtain a reputation for charity. A ray of illumination on this subject was obtained by one woman on seeing a busy house mother darning some old stockings.

"I must get these finished," said this latter. "I want to send them down to Mrs. (mentioning a pensioner) to-day."

"You don't mean to say you darn the stockings you give away!" exclaimed the visitor.

"Why, of course, I do," was the reply. "They are generally too busy or too careless to do it themselves."

Two Neglected Duties.

"My top bureau drawer and my letters are the two ends of my duties that are oftenest neglected," wrote a clever busy woman to a long-suffering correspondent, "the reason being, I suppose, that they are the two things that would not turn over to any one else."

One of the many excellent Victorian traditions which a more forward and careless generation is beginning to disregard is the sacredness of correspondence, it having always been one of the shibboleths of every well-born, well-bred British female that she should sit down at her "Davenport" directly after breakfast for an hour or so and answer her notes and letters. Victoria the Good certainly had her young womankind in good training, an influence which extended itself to the leisure class of America, and it is a great pity to see so many of the excellent precepts and habits which used to be an integral part of the best development of a young woman of the better class falling into disuse. It is rather the fashion to say nowadays that the strict conventionality of the Victorian era that kept everything within its direct bounds was narrowing in the effects; but it is greatly to be questioned whether the "go as you please," latter day methods produce as desirable results.—Indianapolis News.

FRILLS OF FASHION

Skirts, while plainer in treatment, are fuller and more extended than ever.

Figured piques are making smart little outing dresses for women who know.

The finer the fabric the better the blouse will look if made into the tiniest tucks.

The Greek key design in braiding or embroidery is much favored by French dressmakers.

Dove gray chiffon made over silver gauze combines beauty and service in a summer frock.

Mits are not universally worn, but many fashionable women have taken them up for wear with elbow sleeves.

Many of the new gloves are lined with contrasting color or have a frill of lace set on with shirred ribbons and falling over the glove tops.

Sleeve frills have lost caste because of excessive popularity, and turned-back cuffs of directoire suggestion are having great vogue as a sleeve finish.

The bird of paradise waves upon a majority of the handsomest directoire hats worn by Parisiennes. It will probably be adopted here in the autumn.

The new coaching parasols are of very heavy silk in plain color, with exceedingly long wooden handles matching the silk in color and tied with a big bow of silk like the cover.

The indications are that the new shades called mulberry will be popular colorings in the autumn, and that the warm browns and reseda greens will renew their last season's success.

"Cretes" are one of the latest developments of 1830 trimmings. They are merely scalloped frills of silk shirred and set on upside down, so that they stand up like exaggerated headings.

One of the latest innovations in ombre or shaded effects is shown in the shaded sashes, which are of faintest hue about the waist, but gradually deepen to a dark shade of the same color at the ends.

The State Debt.

Ohio having paid the last of her debts, there are now six States without outstanding obligations. They are Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, New Jersey, West Virginia and Ohio. The debts of Delaware, Kansas, Michigan, Nevada, South Dakota and Wyoming are only nominal.